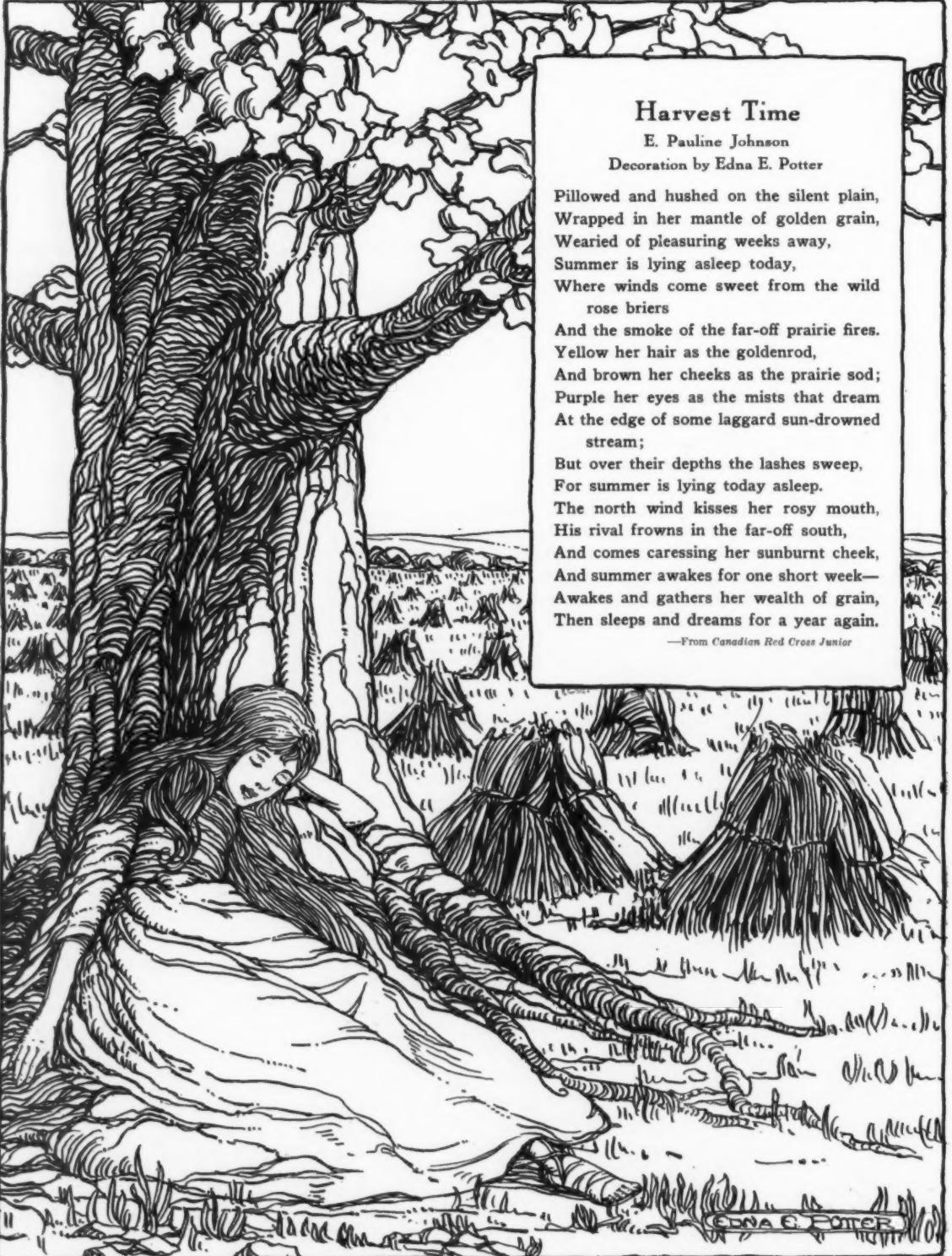


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
November 1927 **NEWS** "I Serve"





Harvest Time

E. Pauline Johnson

Decoration by Edna E. Potter

Pillowed and hushed on the silent plain,
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,
Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,
Summer is lying asleep today,
Where winds come sweet from the wild
rose briars
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires.
Yellow her hair as the goldenrod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;
Purple her eyes as the mists that dream
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned
stream;
But over their depths the lashes sweep,
For summer is lying today asleep.
The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,
His rival frowns in the far-off south,
And comes caressing her sunburnt cheek,
And summer awakes for one short week—
Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain,
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

—From Canadian Red Cross Junior

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The November News in the School

A Month of Special Occasions

Thanksgiving:

"Cover"; "Pioneers of Pictou."

Exploring the map of the First Thanksgiving on the Cover is as much fun as a game of "I Spy." It is hard to decide which discovery gives greatest delight—Ye Venison, Ye Residence, Ye Pie, or the unlabeled Ye Pumpkin.

"Pioneers of Pictou" gives interesting local history, well told.

Education Week:

"The Three Weepers," about a little girl in Korea who wanted to go to school, is appropriate to the spirit of Education Week, which is designed to show school as a desirable place to go, nowadays. One recognizes the children of Miss Upjohn's stories as well as the children of her pictures by the fact that they are so kissable.

Armistice Day:

The story of "Cher Ami" is one of Miss Fox's best and is timely now when memories of ten years ago are revived. A letter from a French teacher to a teacher of English in the Junior High School, Red Bank, New Jersey, exemplifies the understanding spirit in which teachers all over the world are seeking to guide their pupils:

"Indeed I think the idea of linking together children of the United States and those of France is excellent. As you rightly say: Understanding is the parent of peaceful association.

"Without any—as we say—chauvinism, we can, I think, state that France deserves the friendship of the great American Republic. Some of your papers represent us as militaristic. Well, let us take an example. In our school 65 boys out of 127 had their fathers killed in action. The headmaster was taken as a prisoner. Two masters were severely wounded. I was a pilot and badly burned. Do you imagine us to be longing for another war? France has done her best to repair her damages but the fight has brought a rather hard aftermath.

"The boys are not so hard workers as their elders were in pre-war times. They are more nervous, more brilliant, too. They underwent violent emotions and were underfed during the war and it accounts for their present restlessness.

"I personally should like to have a list of the subjects given in your school for English Essays. We enclose a series of questions on which we should like to get information. Do send us similar questions. Please excuse our English.

"Yours sincerely,

"R. L. VARIN."

"Everybody's Flag" lends itself to presentation in two ways: as a simple dramatization in which pupils speak for the flags; or as a more elaborate pageant in which

some part of each scene described is presented in tableau or pantomime. The dramatization of Franklin Lane's "Makers of the Flag" described in Hatch's *Extra-Curricular Activities* may be helpful.

Another teacher's letter, written by the Director of the Boys' Normal School, Botosani, Roumania, gives apt expression to the same spirit as that of Miss Bache's story.

"Enclosed you will find letters from the pupils of my school to the pupils of your school. The replies have been largely inspired by the letters received from your pupils; however, I must admit that my boys are far more talkative and exuberant than yours. I let them write just what they wanted and I am, very glad to find that some of them have expressed their feelings and their thoughts very spontaneously and sincerely. Therefore I once more declare that the international school correspondence is very valuable as an educational factor for it obliges the children to realize and express all that is best in them.

"The children are anxious to show to their far-away friends who they really are, and endeavor to give them a fair idea of themselves and their surroundings. The children make a very creditable effort to explain to their friends the good points of this and the past generations and are anxious to put aside all that is unworthy of them.

"If the different nations would work together as the children understand to work together; that is, endeavoring to show only their good points and deliberately crushing their bad instincts, then surely the relations between the different nations would be more friendly. Let us hope that the spirit of friendliness so beautifully understood and propagated by these children will spread and secure the true friendliness and much-desired peace, that our generation so ardently desires.

"Yours truly,

"T. CRUDU."

The teacher's letter should never take the place of the pupils' letters of greeting and information, but affords a chance for additional interchanges of value. The third example given here, from a teacher in Braives, Belgium, to one in North Hibbing, Minn., suggests an interesting exchange of methods, of problems, and of solutions.

DEAR COLLEAGUE:

I am going to add a few words to the letter of the children. You must excuse the miscellaneous parcel and the faults of their work. I left them entirely alone and free to put this album together, only giving now and again a little advice. We are impatient to know how your class is made up. Here it is rather difficult. Our class has pupils from 6 to 14 years old, the grades united under the same mistress. It is quite painful but one gets used to it. Will you act as my interpreter to your dear pupils and give them my best wishes?

Book Week:

The story of the Junior Red Cross library at Liévin is another example of the wise choice of projects for the American Junior Red Cross. Each one has been something that stands as a lasting memorial of the good-will of American Juniors to friends of other lands.

Developing Calendar Activities for November

Red Cross Roll Call

A LARGE event in our month is American Red Cross Roll Call. Juniors in many places will have a lively part in it. Things which they have frequently done to help include: filling envelopes with supplies, addressing envelopes, helping to deliver materials, interesting others in Roll Call through school assemblies, pageants, plays, posters, items on the bulletin boards and in school papers, talks in classrooms, written paragraphs for English classes and in some cases for the town paper, furnishing for exhibits school correspondence material and samples of gifts and greetings made for veterans, inviting relatives to join the Red Cross, and, if they wish to do so, taking adult memberships themselves.

Material about the work of the Red Cross in the flood and about the projects of the Junior Red Cross will be found in the September, October and November numbers of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

The September number of HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE has two excellent articles on the flood: "Team Play in Our Greatest Peace-Time Calamity," by Ellen McBryde Brown, Junior Red Cross editor, and "Flood Time on the Mississippi," by Harold B. Atkinson, a Red Cross supply officer. One of the most picturesque articles written about the flood was printed in the June *Survey Graphic*, New York,—"Behind the Levees," by Arthur Kellogg.

Counterpane Toys

MAKING "counterpane toys" for the entertainment of children confined to their beds was a delightful activity of the youngest Juniors of Boston, a year ago. In November, kindergarten pupils, primary pupils, and a few older retarded pupils in opportunity classes were told that the paper toys and other amusing things that they made (if nicely done) might be contributed to Christmas boxes for children in hospitals.

The toys included jointed paper teddy bears, bunnies, and other animals; paper dolls with clothes; paper Christmas trees that would stand up; jumping Jacks; Chinaman and elephant bean bags; comical turkeys made out of pine cones and pipe cleaner; dancing dolls made out of pipe cleaner, dressed in crepe paper and fastened on spools so they would stand; doll furniture made in paper-folding work; cigar-box furniture; numerous other things. Many of the packages contained little blank books and pencils for the sick-a-bed children to use themselves.

"So far as humanly possible," said Mrs. Derby, Junior Red Cross Director of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter, "every child of eight or under who was in a hospital at Christmas received one of these Junior Red Cross boxes of counterpane toys." The project proved that no child is too young to do something of genuine value for others, if the opportunity is given. Where possible, school ex-

hibits were held in order that all might view the total product of their efforts. Care was taken, too, that letters of thanks should be sent to the schools participating. It all took a great deal of work, but every one agreed that the fun it gave was worth the labor. Miss Caroline D. Aborn, Director of Kindergartens, wrote:

DEAR MRS. DERBY:

I cannot tell you what joy and training this project of yours has brought to our little children. It has helped them, in the midst of all the excitement of Santa Claus and Christmas, to think of other children, and it has stimulated them to do their very best work in order that it might be worthy of a place in the box. Of course the results are more or less crude, but when we realize that the work was done by little four-year-olds who have been in kindergarten only three months, I think you will agree with me that the children have done very well. Thank you for giving us this opportunity "to serve."

"Christmas Stockings for Soldier Friends"

AN EXCERPT from a letter written by the Field Director of the Brooklyn, New York, Naval Hospital, gives an idea of how much the Christmas gifts of Juniors mean:

White carts piled high with bright red Christmas stockings were trundling through the corridors and into the wards, stopping at each white bed and delivering the packages of cheer. You should have seen the men as the red stockings dangled before their eyes. Those who were able tumbled out of bed in a jiffy, untied the stockings, and proceeded to draw each package out for investigation, while the more curious dumped all in a heap to enjoy the wrappings and the glitter of the mass before proceeding to open their packages.

"Don't talk to me about Christmas," called one patient from across the ward to another in bed. "This place does look very beautiful with all the decorations, but don't you figure for a minute that anybody is going to give you a Christmas present; I am sure nobody thinks of a hospital."

"You are wrong there, buddy," returned the other. "I have been in one hospital after another ever since I quit the Army, and doggone it, the Juniors never forget. Why, bless my heart, I remember last Christmas, the stockings they sent were a sight for sore eyes, and when you came to open them, Oh Boy, it keeps you all stirred up with curiosity for awhile. They contain everything you have been wishing for, for the past month, and then some. I bet you that the Juniors will pack stockings for us. They will not forget."

At this crisis, Santa entered stealthily and paused at the foot of the first bed, where a patient was tossing and moaning in pain. When he got sight of Santa and the huge cart of red stockings, flowing over, he suddenly ceased to toss and moan, rubbed his eyes again, and making a brave attempt to raise himself on his elbows, cried out: "My golly, boys, is that Santa Claus?"

At his words all the other patients turned to look,—then, such a racket and cheering! The first patient tried so hard to forget his pain and smile. Despite his pain he managed to empty the stocking of its contents, and expressed his gratitude to Santa Claus.

Finally Santa arrived at the bed of the man who did not believe that Santa Claus would remember the Naval Hospital. With eyes glistening with surprise and happiness, this patient extended his hand and said: "This is a most delightful surprise; now stand right here until I open all these Christmas packages and thank you for each one." But Santa was in too big a hurry to stay.

We might continue on for hours but I am afraid if we took the time the Juniors would have to stay after school to make up their lessons. Every man got his red stocking, and every one was loud in his praise for the generous service which the Juniors gave Santa Claus in his efforts to bring Christmas to the Naval Hospital. We all hope that the time will never come when the Juniors will fail to bring their happy faces and red Christmas stockings to the Naval Hospital on Christmas Day.

Developing Calendar Activities for November

Writing About American Education

SCHOOL life as a topic for international correspondence is timely, this month when schools are observing American Education Week—particularly in view of a suggestion from the Toronto meeting of the World Federation of Education Associations, that Education Week become an international affair.

A Local History of Education

How interestingly children can write about school is illustrated by many of their letters. One from an eighth grade class of Dorchester, Massachusetts, tells the history of the schools of that New England City:

"The history of the schools of Dorchester has special interest owing to the fact that the first free school in America, supported by a direct tax upon the people, was established in Dorchester. Schools were established at Charles City, Virginia, Manhattan, Charlestown, and Salem, but these were not supported by means of taxation upon the people.

"The first free school house was located on what was known as Settlers Street near the corner of the present Pleasant and Cottage Streets. This consisted of one room, poorly constructed, and a roof that barely could be considered as doing its duty. The parents of each child were expected to deliver to his school master two feet of wood or its value in money or their children could have no privilege of the fire.

"Only boys went to school. When girls were allowed to attend school it was only for a few months in the year. The girls were given those studies that required very little brain work, if any at all. When prizes were to be given the master was very careful to give the girls the most difficult examinations so that the boys could be able to secure the prizes.

"Many of the early settlers left money in support of the schools. In 1674 Christopher Gibson left \$20,000, the income amounting to \$1,400, to be used in supplying the school children with books, charts, maps, etc. Some of this money is still in trust to be used for the benefit of the schools. There are now thirteen school districts in Dorchester valued at over \$2,000,000."

A simpler but charming letter was written by pupils of the Colony Street School, North Colony, Wallingford, Connecticut:

"My grandmother went to a farm school where they had a man for a teacher. They sat at long desks and there was a stove at one side of the room. The teacher sat at a large desk in the front of the room.

"Their lessons were very different from our lessons; they had no home-work, but studied their lessons before they recited them. They had spelling matches once every week and thought it a great treat to have them. One word in particular, grandmother said, was the longest word on the list and they always tried to be the one to spell it. The word was 'incomprehensibility' and they always pronounced the first syllable and then spelled it. They pronounced the second and spelled it and then pronounced them together and so on through the word until it was finished. They didn't have grades as we do, but they took the easiest books first and kept on until they finished all the books up to the hardest. The farm schools were run by the people in that district and the teacher boarded for a certain length of time at the pupils' homes in the district.

"Grandmother said, when her great, great grandmother went to school the teacher called the roll each morning to find out if all the pupils were there. This particular morning when he got to her great, great grandmother he asked, 'How many children did Mr. Joel Scott send this morning?' There were nine children that went to school regularly, but it happened that she had wanted to bring the baby that morning so she, the oldest, answered, 'ten'."

Letters About Lessons

A letter from the fifth grade of an elementary school of Allesandra, Italy, proves that a description of studies need not be dull:

"Here we are at work! While you in your white beds rest quietly, perhaps dreaming many beautiful things, we, sitting on our benches, are preparing to write beautiful things. When it is day with us, it is night in America. But in a few hours you will rise, prompt and merry, to return to school, when your home tasks are done. Our thought flies, flies, far away, far away, to reach you and follow you while you are speaking about your daily occupations, your favorite games, and your future hopes.

"We have not yet told you that we attend the fifth elementary grade. The studies we have in our program are the following: Italian, our sweet native language of which Dante the divine poet was the father. There are many compositions, grammar exercises, the delightful reading done in school and at home. For reading, besides the text books, we also have the books of the school library, very beautiful and amusing, that our teacher distributes each week. We also have the diary in which we daily write the school occupations and our impressions.

"Arithmetic, a rather difficult science, is rendered agreeable and easy by many exercises and small games that our teacher, with patience and in a way of joking, makes us do without tiring us. The fractions, which seem so difficult, have entered our minds without any fatigue.

"The study of geography opens new horizons to us and lets us know new regions. We have studied Europe and have taken wonderful trips through earth and sea, over high mountains and large plains, to the capitals of the various states, and have thus become familiar with the various customs and habits of the populations, the products of the ground, industries, and trades. But these travels, as you understand, we take only in imagination. We have made beautiful colored maps that our teacher exhibits in the classroom. We have given a glimpse at your continent, America, which the great Genoese, Christopher Columbus, made us know, and which welcomes so many Italians, among them the father of a charming comrade of ours who went to New York as a tenor in the Metropolitan Opera.

"Science is another subject which is useful and varied, and which teaches the progress of knowledge, the discoveries and inventions of human genius. We spend very beautiful hours watching the experiments that are done in school and that surprise us so much that we remain with our mouths open.

"In school we think also of developing and strengthening our limbs through gymnastics which we take in a room or in a yard when the weather allows it. We also practice exercises with sticks. We have taken some walks, but when the spring comes, we shall take them oftener, because now we are still wrapped up in coats and capes.

"Drawing is very interesting. We have geometrical, ornamental drawing, and drawing from nature. For the latter we can use colors, which is very amusing.

"As soon as you will answer this letter, please tell us, dear far-away friends, what you are doing, what subjects you study, and whether you are better, more clever, and more careful than we are. Good little sisters and brothers, brown and fair heads, please accept the wishes and affectionate smiles from your Italian comrades and an affectionate greeting for your nice teacher.

"Pupils of the Fifth Elementary Grade."

Exceptionally good material for Education Week can be found in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS September, 1926; January, 1927; and the *Survey Graphic*, June, 1927; September, 1927.

Fitness for Service for November

THE President of the United States, according to press reports, was entertained on the Pine Ridge Indian reservation by children "dressed as carrots and other vegetables." Whether or not the President has added an extra vegetable to his diet as a result, it is heartening to know that Eating-What-Is-Good-for-You is becoming a diversion rather than a duty.

"Some Good Food Habits" are listed in Public Health Bulletin No. 134, *The Campaign Against Malnutrition*:

"At least a pint of clean, pure milk a day—a quart wherever possible. Where a quart is used, it is preferable that not more than one cupful or glassful should be drunk at each meal; the remainder should be used on cereals and in cooked foods, such as creamed vegetables and meats, custards, junket and blanc mange.

"At least two vegetables every day; a green or leafy vegetable two or three times a week.

"Bread, and butter, or whole grain cereal with unskimmed milk, in some form at every meal.

"Fresh fruit every day.

"Some eggs, poultry or meat every day (preferably meat should not be used at night).

"No tea or coffee.

"No sweets between meals.

"Chew food thoroughly. Do not wash it down with liquids.

"Eat slowly; sit down at mealtimes."

Reforms in Breakfast

TEACHING and insisting on a good breakfast at home is of greater permanent benefit than the mid-morning lunch in school, because "it helps to establish the habit of good meals at regular hours with no lurching between times." A breakfast campaign naturally leads to study of the use of whole grain cereals and the importance of fruit as well as the place of milk in the diet.

Hob o' the Mill is a story that children will enjoy, giving "historically accurate tales of primitive, ancient, medieval, and colonial children." A companion book, *Grain Through the Ages*, is likewise designed to furnish background for one's eating of oatmeal and to make the activity not only a nutritional process but entertaining and educative withal! Teachers may obtain these from the Quaker Oats Company, School Health Service, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Foods That Build Strong Bodies

THE body needs food that will promote growth and health by:

1. Building new tissue and repairing worn tissue.
2. Regulating body processes.
3. Providing fuel for body warmth and energy for activity.

1. Building and Repairing

Foods from animal sources; that is, milk, cheese, eggs, meats, fish contain building material similar to the tissues of the body. So do whole cereals, legumes, and vegetable foods, but in general these need to be supplemented by a liberal use of milk.

2. Regulating

Milk is first, again, because it affords plenty of lime, a mineral essential to the regulation of many body functions. Whole cereal foods, fresh fruits and vegetables are also rich in needed mineral salts; and the bulk provided by the non-digestible cellulose in these stimulate intestinal action. Plenty of water is indispensable in regulating body functions—an intestinal cleanser.

3. Warmth and Energy

The foods chosen under 1 and 2 also provide energy, but additional warmth and energy should be supplied, if needed, by adding sugars, starches, and fats to the diet.

To summarize: Choose each day milk, fruit, and vegetables, both cooked and uncooked.

Eggs, fish, cheese, or meat; whole cereals or entire wheat bread.

Sufficient sugar, starch, and fat to keep the body up to desirable weight.

Food Games

GAMES that interest in learning about diet are: Playing restaurant or cafeteria, each "patron" telling what foods he has chosen; playing grocery store, each "customer" purchasing food for some certain meal.

American Red Cross Nutrition Service

THE American Red Cross Nutrition Service has a mimeographed bulletin, free upon request, entitled "What the Teacher May Do to Promote Nutrition." Part of the material above is quoted or adapted from that bulletin. It gives very practical suggestions on the noon Hot Lunch, including equipment, suggestions for the "hot dish" (with recipes and amounts for 24 servings), lists of staples that parents may donate and the organization of pupils to help. Ask for N. H. 62.

There are two pamphlets also free on request—"Food, Why, What, How" (ARC 725) and "The Organization of a Nutrition Service" (ARC 724).

A new *Red Cross Text in Food and Nutrition* is now on the press.

Certificates for the Red Cross course in Nutrition are given upon the satisfactory completion of a course which may be taught by any enrolled Red Cross dietitian. Wherever there is an itinerant or full-time Red Cross nutrition worker available, the course may be arranged. Home Economics teachers who meet certain standards of preparation may enroll as Red Cross dietitians and are then qualified to give the course and award certificates. Information about this can be obtained from National Red Cross Nutrition Service.

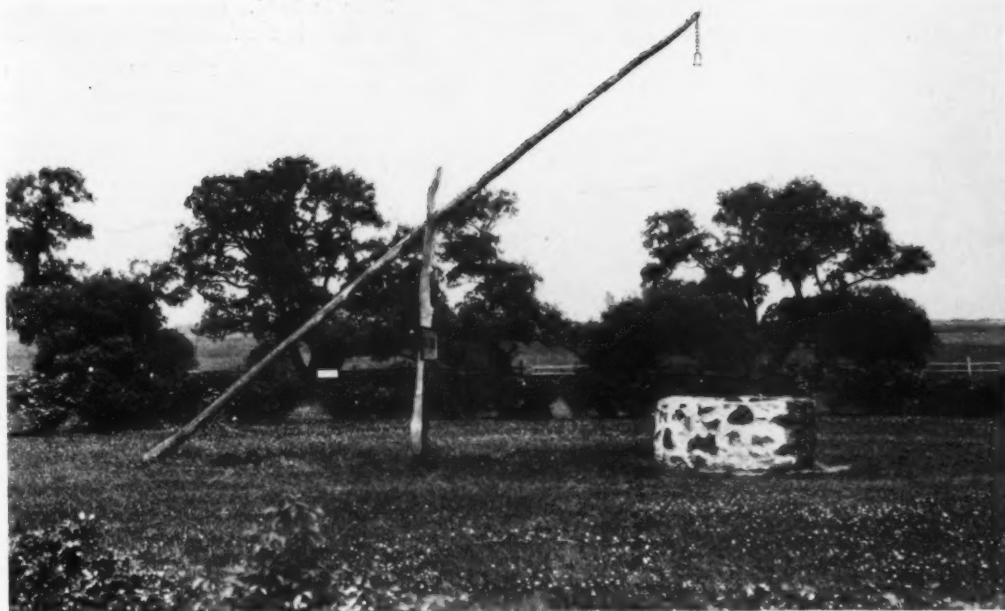
A Japanese Girl of the Country

MISS KIYO TAKATA of the seventh grade of a Japanese school helps us all to appreciate the out of doors by her letter:

"I am a little girl in the country and studying diligently—free from worldly cares. We are not so fortunate as those who have inherited fortunes, but we have inherited our brown-colored arms and a plough well shined! With these useful things we are going to serve our nation as well as our family.

"To be a fine farmer, a healthy and strong body is indispensable. They say: 'Laugh and Grow Fat.' I will try to be happy and work hard.

"It is gratifying to think that I was born in a quiet and healthy place where the people are so natural and humane. On the contrary, I understand the city is noisy and dusty—both day and night. The space is limited and the air is not pure. The people lack the milk of human kindness. Blessed is the girl who is born in the country!"



Courtesy the Canadian Pacific Railway

Evangeline's Well and the Willows in Grand Pré Park, Nova Scotia

The Pioneers of Pictou

THIS summer the Bluebird Juniors of the Piedmont Valley School in Pictou County, Nova Scotia, sent a most interesting portfolio to the Rensselaer School, Rensselaer, Indiana. The story they tell of the Scotch pioneers in their county reminds one of the stories of the *Mayflower* pilgrims. And, by the way, Nova Scotia has been called "Little Mayflower Land" because in the spring the island is starred with millions of mayflower blossoms.

Piedmont Valley School

Dick Winters told first about the school. He says: "We received your portfolio last term and thought your work very, very nice. We started our answer last fall, but as we could do only a little bit at a time, it has taken us a long time to finish."

"We live in a little country section in eastern Nova Scotia. Our school is a small, one-roomed building, having only one teacher. We have nineteen pupils of various grades and ages. Some of the smaller ones are constructing a little portfolio themselves, so they did not contribute to this one. Most of the work in this is prepared by Grades V, VI and VII."

"This is the second year we have had the Junior Red Cross in our school. Ours is the only rural school in East Pictou having a Junior Red Cross branch. We are very proud of our badges, you may be sure."

"We hope you will find something to interest you in this little booklet. Perhaps you will send us another portfolio, and tell us more about your school."

Ruth Harris, only ten years old but in the Sixth Grade, gave the outlines of the history of the land which the French colonized and claimed as part of Acadia and the British also settled and claimed under the name of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland:

Some Nova Scotia History

"It is 420 years since the ship *Matthew*, 'stayed on her course by schools of cod,' carried John Cabot to Cape Breton Island to raise there the royal standard of Britain.

"There followed an attempt by the British to settle Nova Scotia but few British people came to Nova Scotia until after the founding of Halifax. It was the French who during the next hundred years did most to colonize Canada.

"Then war broke out between France and England and the treaty which closed the war ceded Canada and Nova Scotia to Britain. One of the first settlements was Louisbourg, on Cape Breton Island. It was built by the French and was a very strong fortress. It was taken by General Wolfe in 1759. Another was Halifax, now capital of Nova Scotia, which was founded by English people in 1749. Annapolis, called by the French Port Royal, was the first white settlement in Nova Scotia and the oldest in North America, north of Florida.

"When the white people came to America it was inhabited by Indians. The Indians that lived in Nova Scotia were called Micmacs. Before the white people came the Indians were a wonderful race of



Courtesy the Canadian Pacific Railway

Halifax is so fortified as to be the strongest position in Canada. This old Martello Tower is of solid masonry with vaulted rooms for the garrison and a platform on top for the guns

people and lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. The white people learned many good things from them; it was from the Indians that they learned how to take the sap from the maple tree and to boil it into sugar and syrup. They were very friendly when the white people first came, but when the whites began to take land from them and kill them, they became very angry and began to make wars and the white people suffered very greatly. The Canadian Indians now, however, are civilized and the government gives them tracts of land which nobody can take or buy from them.

"The first French settlement in Nova Scotia was formed at Annapolis in 1605. The French called the place Port Royal. The people were very happy and prosperous, when Nova Scotia or Acadia, as it was then called, was taken by the British. Even then the people might have been contented enough if they had been left alone. But French from Quebec were constantly stirring them against their English rulers. Finally they were commanded to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. This they refused to do. Then English ships were sent to carry them out of the country.

"The story of 'Evangeline' by H. W. Longfellow gives us a vivid picture of the hardships in that time."

The Scotch Pioneers

In 1923 the people of Pictou County celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the band of pioneers from the Scotch Highlands who settled

there in 1773. On the monument erected to them is the following inscription:

1773-1923

"In proud commemoration of the courage, faith and endurance of those gallant pioneers, passengers on the ship *Hector* who reached Pictou September fifteenth, seventeen hundred and seventy-three, vanguard of that army of Scottish immigrants whose intellectual ideas, moral worth and material achievements have contributed greatly to the good government and upbuilding of Canada."

Winthrop C. Ross, thirteen years old and in the Seventh Grade, wrote the story of the pioneers:

"The Scotch people of the *Hector* were not the first to settle in Pictou. The *Hope* came from Pennsylvania in June, 1667. It sailed into Pictou harbour with a list of fifty passengers. They came to a country covered with forest and they had to cut down the trees and build houses. Their houses were rude sheds with thatched roofs. These first pioneers had a harder time than any of Nova Scotia's newcomers. We must admire their heroism and appreciate the fact that if it had not been for them, the people of the *Hector* would have had more difficulties to face.

"The Pennsylvania families who came in the *Hope* had been gathered together by agents of a company of business men most of whom lived in Philadelphia. They had a grant of 180,000 acres in Nova Scotia from the British Crown. They formed the Philadelphia Company, a joint stock company. Some of the shares had come into the hands of a merchant of Scotland. His agent went into the Scotch Highlands, promising a farm in the new country to every settler who would go out in the *Hector*. Toward the latter part of the eighteenth century the wool industry was one of the largest lines of business in Scotland. To have wool we must have sheep. To have sheep we must have pasture to feed them on.

So the landlords of Scotland began turning out their tenants and using the land for pasture. No wonder the Highlanders thought it would be fine to have farms of their own and so about two hundred of them set forth early in July, 1773.

"When the *Hector* came in with its new settlers, the representatives of the Philadelphia Company helped them as much as they could, but the Highlanders wanted land near the shore and all that land had been taken by the earlier settlers. The Highlanders refused to



The fisheries of Nova Scotia are among the finest in the world. Its waters teem with salmon, cod, halibut, herring, shad, lobsters, etc. These men of Digby are drying fish

take the land that was allotted to them. The tracts were sometimes as much as three miles back from the shore with its supply of fish. Besides, they were nothing but stretches of heavy forest and the Highlanders were not used to thick woods and the wielding of axes, as the Pennsylvania settlers were.

"Then the company would not give them any food without money. While their money lasted the newcomers got along all right, but at last it gave out and they were starving. So they resolved to take what they needed from the company's store. They bound the manager and the doctor, took what they needed, weighed and measured what they took and went off to eat. Then they sent a man back to release the doctor and the manager. The company sent word to Halifax and Halifax sent word to Truro to send soldiers down to settle matters, but the authorities at Truro said they would not. They said if the Highlanders had been treated right there would have been no trouble. So then the authorities at Halifax sent provisions for the Highlanders.

"That first winter was awful. The Highlanders had to walk to Truro, forty miles away, to get work for which they were paid in flour and potatoes. The

journey was through the thick forest, which was deep in snow most of the winter, and they had to camp two nights on the trip. Then they carried the food home on their backs or on hand sleds. Sometimes they had to pull it over rocks and stretches of bare ground and sometimes the potatoes froze on their backs, but they still liked them roasted. They had a very hard winter, but at last spring came.

"When the spring came they discovered there was no need of starving for there were moose and deer in the woods and in the river and lakes were fish. Thus between cultivation of the soil and the development of the natural resources they soon had plenty.

"Time went on and the colonies prospered. Schools were founded. A minister, Dr. MacGregor, came out from Scotland. Every year brought more settlers and the hardships of the first comers were nearly forgotten. Nearly—but not altogether, for in the heart of all Pictonians there must dwell a reverent admiration for those pioneers who faced such privations and trials for the sake of their own respect and their religion. Certainly no other people in the world need be more proud of their heritage than the people of Pictou County."

American Juniors' Work in Tokyo

YOU remember last April we told in the News about the chance to get an exhibit from Japan for your school. The Japanese Junior Red Cross sent out a notice to all the countries in the world having Junior Red Cross Societies, asking for exhibits for the Junior section of the Japanese Red Cross Museum in Tokyo. The Japanese Juniors promised to send exchange exhibits. Well, the middle of this summer boxes and boxes began coming in from Japan. Fifty-four schools there had made every sort of Japanese article—dolls, dolls' clothing, dolls' furniture, silk-worm exhibits, attractive drawings, interesting portfolios, pretty handwork, examples of the wonderful Japanese writing, elbow cushions, straw sandals, foot mittens such as the Japanese wear instead of stockings like ours, a great number of things any school would be glad to have for its museum. One of the nicest exhibits consisted of a beautiful big doll, with all the clothes and furniture a Japanese girl would have in her room.

But in spite of the beauty and variety of the Japanese exhibits, we were not ashamed of those we had to send in return. There were boxes and



The doll brought her furniture, with her clothes and bedding all neatly packed in the drawers

boxes of these, too, for thirty-one schools in the United States, from Maine to California, had worked well and hard on the articles that were to compete for a place beside those from so many other countries in the Tokyo museum. Our Juniors, also, sent lovely dolls, with clothing beautifully made. Some were in costumes illustrating the various periods of our history. Some were girl and boy dolls in regular school attire. There were all sorts of toys made in class work. A stunning exhibit of Noah's Ark animals came from a junior high school. A domestic art class sent a complete outfit for an American girl, including a graduation dress, a gymnasium costume and a cooking outfit. There were fine examples of manual training class work. There were excellent portfolios, including a scrap book on "American Homes." There were drawings, posters, bean bags, embroideries—a simply amazing quantity and variety.



All the neighbor's houses were alike. From a distance the village looked like a squad of turtles wandering down hill

The Three Weepers

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

FOR two days Flower-Bud had been helping her mother iron father's long white coat. Their arms and backs ached, but they would have done anything in the world to keep father respectable. The coat was of wadded white cotton. It was ironed while wet, being laid over one block of polished wood and rubbed hard with another until it was dry and had a surface like satin. Though they were a plain Korean family, father wore the hat of a gentleman. It was of black horse hair with a high crown and looked like a meat sieve. But since it was fashionable, no one saw anything ridiculous about it.

The hat had a story. Long ago there was a Korean king who became suspicious of the men of his court, fearing that they were hatching plots against him. So he decided that all the nobles of the palace should wear *porcelain* hats with brims so broad that they could not "get their heads together" and whisper about him. The hats were most uncomfortable, but the nobles had to wear them so long as the king lived. Then as the strange head-gear had come to stand for rank and fashion, the shape was kept, but the hats were made of lighter material and grew smaller and smaller until they were not very much larger than was necessary to

cover the topknot on a married man's head.

As it was a cold day, father put a black cloth over his topknot and his hat on that, tying it under his chin with strings.

His trousers were very full in order that he might sit cross-legged with ease, but they were bound at the ankles with cherry ribbons; and when he donned the freshly ironed coat and, mounting a cow, rode off to town, he presented a very handsome appearance. At least Flower-Bud, her mother and Chu thought so as they watched him out of sight. Then mother, with a big clay pot on her head, went to the river, taking Chu with her.

Flower-Bud fed the fire under the rice-pot and then put a jar of turnips to pickle, laying them in brine with bits of red pepper between. This was to be eaten as a relish with the rice.

The kitchen was built against the house wall, with one side open. From its big brick stove a flue ran under the one long house-room, warming its floor of unglazed tiles with a pleasant heat. All the neighbor's houses were alike, rudely built, with thick mud walls and thatch. From a distance the village looked like a squad of turtles wandering down hill.

Most of the houses had no windows, but Flower-



*Father's hat had a crown
like a meat sieve*

Bud's home, being of the better sort, possessed a tiny one. Under it Flower-Bud sat with her workbox, when she had finished her pickling. She was making a chop-stick bag of quince colored silk, embroidering on it two cranes with a golden moon rising behind them. Her plan was to make and sell enough chop-stick bags to pay for a year at the girls' school in Seoul. There were many schools in Seoul, but none of them was free and most of them were for boys. Flower-Bud's friend, Moonbeam, who worked in the kitchen at the girls' school, had told her about it. Moonbeam did not care to read, but Flower-Bud was ambitious. She not only wished to read but to use figures, so that she need not count with beads on a wire.

Flower-Bud had spent all her money for materials for the first chop-stick bag. She had taken it to a curio shop in Seoul near the big hotel where foreigners stopped; a place filled with old lamps, tiles, lacquer boxes and bits of embroidery. The woman who kept the shop had bought the bag and ordered six more. Flower-Bud's hopes had mounted high. Already she saw herself in the big schoolhouse learning to write. But the work grew very slowly. So far, only one bag was lying finished in the red and gold chest where the family finery was kept.

It was warm and restful in the empty house, and Flower-Bud's mind was full of dreams when the door opened, letting in a dusty draught and a round-faced girl with a basket on her arm. It was Moonbeam. "Oh, Flower-Bud, I'm *so* glad to find you," she cried, squatting on the floor beside her, "I know you will help me."

"What has happened?"

"This afternoon I had leave to come to see my mother, and Miss Betsy—you know who Miss Betsy is, don't you?"

"She who rules the school?"

"Yes, she who rules. Well, she gave me a yen to buy pears and persimmons for the teachers' table, on my way back. I put it in my pocket not knowing there was a hole in it, and it is gone! Oh, Flower-Bud, lend me a yen!"

"But I haven't any money," said Flower-Bud, startled. "I put all I had into this silk."

To her dismay, Moonbeam suddenly drew up her knees, laid her head on them and sobbed.

"Will she beat you?" asked Flower-Bud.

"Oh no," cried Moonbeam, "they never do things like that, but perhaps I shall be sent away." With that she began to weep anew.



Mother and Chu went to the river

"Dear me, this is dreadful!" said Flower-Bud, and she went outside and stirred the rice vigorously. She had thought of a way in which to help Moonbeam, but she did not wish to follow it. Instead, she made a nice cup of tea and putting it on a table about nine inches high, she set it before her friend.

"That will do you good," she said. "You are cold and tired."

Moonbeam sipped the tea gratefully, while tears stood on her cheeks.

Flower-Bud gulped. "I have thought of a way," she said slowly. "I have just one bag finished. If you take that to the shop and tell the woman I sent it, she will pay you for it. Then you can buy the fruit."

"Oh, how good of you! I will work until I pay you back," cried Moonbeam, kissing Flower-Bud on both cheeks.

The chop-stick bag was wrapped in rice-paper and laid in the basket, and Moonbeam hurried away. Now it was Flower-Bud's turn to put her head on her knees and weep. Her bank account was wiped out and she did not believe that Moonbeam could ever pay it back. How could she, when all that she earned at the school went to her mother? "There will always be something which must come first," sobbed Flower-Bud. And so her mother found



Father mounted a cow and rode off to town

her when she came home with wood and water. "What has happened to my little Flower-Bud?" she asked, anxiously. But when she had heard the story of Moonbeam's visit she smiled. "My daughter has a good head and a good heart and therefore is sure to succeed," she said. "What is the loss of one yen?"

Flower-Bud sat up and brushed away her tears. Perhaps she was making too great a fuss about one yen, she thought; and with the fading light she stitched in the black legs of a crane. When it was dark, she gave Chu his rice and then spreading a mat on the warm floor, covered him up for the night.

In the meantime, Moonbeam had passed through the great South Gate of Seoul and had found the curio shop where the woman took the bag and paid for it without a word. At a fruit stall Moonbeam had filled her basket and had a half yen left, after paying for the pears and persimmons. "I need say nothing about it," she thought.

But though Moonbeam was careless, she was an honest girl. So she went straight to Miss Betsy and told her the whole story.

"Flower-Bud must wish very much to come to school," said Miss Betsy, looking pleased.

"Oh she does!" cried Moonbeam. "And I have taken a whole yen from her. How shall I pay it back? What shall I do?"

"First of all, mend the hole in your pocket," said Miss Betsy. Then she began walking up and down the room with her hands behind her, and Moonbeam felt sure she would think of a way out. Presently she said, "You might mend stockings for me and the other teachers every night after the dishes are washed, until you have earned your yen."

Moonbeam began that evening. The next day Miss Betsy sent her back to her village with the half yen in change, and also to ask Flower-Bud and her mother to come up to the

school to see her that afternoon. Thinking there might be work for them in the garden or in the way of washing, they hurried to get ready. Mother wore a hat somewhat like a bishop's mitre, but not so pointed. It was of purple velvet trimmed with fur, and had a silver ornament which hung down over her forehead. She had a short green jacket over her white garment, and she carried Chu on her back. Flower-Bud's white dress came to her ankles and her tightly braided hair hung down her back.

They sat on the rug in Miss Betsy's room waiting for her to speak. She told them that she had been talking with the schoolgirls and found that many of them would like to have fresh chop-stick bags; for they all brought their own sticks, some of brass, some ivory or wood, and kept them in little bags tied to their belts. They would like to order these bags of Flower-Bud, and Miss Betsy would also like a few to send to her friends in America. But she proposed that Flower-Bud should not wait to finish them all before beginning school. If her mother could spare her, she should come at once. By working a little each day she would be able to finish the bags during the school year. When Miss Betsy had spoken there was a long silence during which Flower-Bud's heart beat hard, and mother looked straight at Miss Betsy with bright cheeks. Then suddenly she drew up her knees, laid her head on them and burst into tears. Miss Betsy looked disappointed.

"She will not let her come. She wishes to keep her at home to work," she thought.

But when mother raised her head she was laughing through her tears.

"How times change in the 'Land of the Morning Calm,'" she cried. "Here am I, a poor woman who must fetch her own wood and water, but I have a daughter who shall learn to read and speak the language of people beyond the seas. What a wonderful fate."



Korean carriers marching toward

Sweet November

Written by Joan, aged 9, in the 4th grade of Lawside School, Victoria, Australia

Blow, soft winds, and wake the roses,
Fill the children's hands with posies,
Waft the scent of box-tree flowers
From the fresh, wild, bushland bowers,
Where the bees, in thousands sip
Every honey-cup's sweet lip.

Bear aloft the little swallows,
Stir the down in gum tree hollows,
Where the parrot's callow brood,
Clam'rous, wait their morning food.
Blow, mild breezes, soft and tender,
This is sunny, sweet November.



"This Cher Ami bird was always first to find his way back"

Cher Ami Who Saved the "Lost Battalion"

Frances Margaret Fox

IF Cher Ami had been a little boy instead of a homing pigeon, his mother would never have been obliged to remind him to come straight home from school. He would have come flying home at the rate of a mile a minute when the teacher said "You are dismissed!"

Cher Ami didn't have to study geography. He knew geography. When from airy heights he saw a bit of country, his bright eyes were like cameras. One glance below and a picture was taken in his mind, of hills, valleys, rivers and fields, of farms, houses and cities. His maps were pure magic and were photographed on his brain.

Cher Ami was born overseas during the World War. While still young, he was sent to Paris, where he straightway enlisted in the air messenger service of the Allied Armies. Like all other recruits, he required training. He had to become accustomed to a home loft that did not stay in the same place. He was also taught to wear a message tube fastened to the front of his leg.

Before he knew what was happening Cher Ami was carried to the valley of the Argonne and there transferred to the Signal Corps of the United States Army. Thus he began his glorious career under the Stars and Stripes. He was only one of hundreds and hundreds of feathered messengers of the World War who served with the Americans. Not one of this pigeon army ever deserted. The birds were captured, they were wounded, they were killed. But whatever happened, the pigeon messengers were found in the line of duty, attempting to deliver messages to their commanding officers.

At the time Cher Ami was transferred to the Americans, he felt perfectly at home in a mobile

loft, which means that he was living in a pigeon coop on wheels. When his loft was taken to the Headquarters of the Seventy-seventh Division, near the Forest of the Argonne, the pigeons were given a chance to get used to their new surroundings. They were placed in baskets, taken some distance from their home on wheels and then released. This was done once a day for five days, before the birds could get used to their new center. About five more days of training were required before they could be depended on to reach the home loft quickly. Of that time their commanding officer says, "This Cher Ami bird was always the first to find his way back." He was swift and sure as an arrow in flight.

One October day, Cher Ami, or "Dear Friend," was placed in a basket and carried into the Argonne Wood. Four other pigeons went with him. That time they took their lunch-boxes, although they were not bound for a picnic. Cher Ami and his comrades went into battle with a body of the bravest men that ever lived. These pigeons were chosen to accompany Major Whittlesey's battalion into the Argonne Forest, there to take and hold a designated position in the very stronghold of the enemy.

For nearly four years the Germans had held the position. The forest covered densely wooded hills and ravines where there were gullies and swamps and thickly tangled underbrush. The Germans commanded all the roads and paths with machine guns. Their barbed-wire entanglements encircled the hills. Their trenches were everywhere.

Major Whittlesey and his men advanced. At the cost of many lives they took possession of the hillside they had been ordered to take and hold "at all

costs." There, having established their line to the rear, they waited for expected reinforcements.

Thus begins one of the most awful stories in history. It is improperly called the story of the "Lost Battalion"; for those who know will tell you that the battalion was never lost, and that Major Whittlesey "could not have got his command lost." He could read his maps as easily as the homing pigeons could read the maps of magic which they carried in their heads. In the words of the commanding officer of the Seventy-seventh Division, "As we who were there know, the command was never, not for one moment lost, neither was it rescued. It went where it was told to go, did what it was told to do and set a high example of courageous devotion to duty."

Soon, instead of a chance to welcome reinforcements, the Americans on the Argonne hillside discovered that their line back to Headquarters was broken. They were surrounded by Germans. Their food was quickly gone. They were exposed to constant fire from German guns. Their dead, dying and wounded began to outnumber those who could still hold the hill "at all costs." Their runners who started back toward Headquarters with messages were killed.

The first pigeon released the day the Americans took the hill rose high above the roar of battle and delivered this message at Headquarters:

"We are being shelled by German artillery. Can we have artillery support? Fire is coming from the northwest."

That message straightway brought the desired result. The next forenoon the second pigeon was released with a long message. After that the third pigeon sped on its way where no human messenger could get through.

For five days and five bitterly cold nights the battalion was without food. By the end of the third day Cher Ami was hungry, but there was no grain left and water became scarce. Meantime the packages of food dropped from American airplanes and intended for Major Whittlesey's suffering men, fell into the hands of the Germans surrounding them.

The fourth pigeon was released and delivered this message at Headquarters:

"Germans are all around us. We have been heavily shelled by mortars this morning. Situation is rapidly cutting into our strength. Men are suffering from hunger and exposure. The wounded are in a very bad condition. Should have more ammunition. Cannot support be sent at once?"

Of the feathered messenger service only Cher Ami was left on the Argonne hillside

when the French officers decided that Whittlesey's battalion had been wiped out. They turned their guns against the Germans surrounding the hill that "at all costs" was being held by the Americans.

Then it was that the Germans requested Major Whittlesey to surrender. The demand was refused.

In a short time not an American would have been left alive on the hillside of the Argonne Forest, as the Germans had succeeded in getting up their trench mortars and were dropping shells right among the shelters that Whittlesey's men had dug as protection against rifle and machine gun fire.

But there was one member of the air service still waiting to do his duty. Cher Ami was the last possible messenger between the "Lost Battalion" and Headquarters. If Cher Ami failed, every man must die. But Cher Ami did not fail. He flew through shot and shell straight to his loft. The message he carried showed the American division commander that the besieged force of American troops was still holding on.

When the message was read, the French barrage on the forest hillside was lifted. Americans again broke through the German lines and fought their way to the relief of the one hundred and ninety-four men, many of them terribly wounded, who had chosen death rather than surrender. They were all that remained of the five hundred and fifty men of Major Whittlesey's battalion! Cher Ami kept them from being truly numbered with the lost.

Because the Americans held that hill, the Allied Armies were soon after in undisputed possession of the Forest of the Argonne.

Delivering the message that saved the "Lost Battalion" was Cher Ami's last war service. When he dropped into Sergeant Kochler's hands at Headquarters he was all but dead. His right leg had been shot off and the message tube was hanging from the stump. He had a frightful wound in the breast.

When the World War was over, Cher Ami came to America and was greeted everywhere with the honor due a representative of all the homing pigeons of the Army Signal Corps. He lived only a short time after he reached Uncle Sam's home for pigeons at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. Our hero bird now stands on his one leg in a glass case in our National Museum.

Major Whittlesey received the Congressional Medal of Honor, and if it had been our custom to bestow like honors upon our feathered friends, who knows but that the pigeon in Washington might not be decorated with the blueribbon with the white stars?

No wonder women and girls walk softly, and men and boys take off their hats in the presence of that still figure, "Cher Ami."



Cher Ami was the last possible messenger between the "Lost Battalion" and Headquarters

The Sea Message

The Story of the Calendar Picture for November

THE sunlight smote hotly through the schoolroom windows, and with it came the reflection of the sea rippling over the white walls in dazzling waves. It was hard to study and Danilo fell to dreaming with his eyes fixed, not on the map of Yugoslavia before him, but on the vivid waters of the Adriatic which encircle the town of Trogir* and lap the sea-wall not a stone's throw from the schoolhouse.

His class had lately received a portfolio from an inland school and he had for the first time realized that there were children who had never seen the sea and who had a keen curiosity about it. They lived in Nish and Monastir, in Ipek and Skoplje and Prizrend and many another town of the interior, which because of the portfolio were beginning to seem like something more than mere dots on the map to Danilo. When his class should send an album in return how could they make the sea seem real to those who had never known it? For the sea is much more than salt water, oh much more! It is light and color and freshness. It is odor of brine and fish. It is the feeling of strong, bright waves as you swim. It is shells and sand and seaweed, boats and sails, freedom and daring and power. Danilo could not put his feeling into words or even thoughts. He only longed to bring the boys of Mount Anis and the plains to Trogir and send them plunging into the bay from the breakwater.

Trogir is in Dalmatia, where there is a saying that stones grow faster than they can be picked up. The city itself seems a part of this stone crop as old as the jagged bare mountains that skirt the coast. Only the schoolhouse is new, set outside the cramping walls of the town on the seafront. The playground is shadowed by an ancient castle mellow-tinted as a heap of peaches, and the splash of waves against the sea-wall mingled with recitations in history and geography.

When the bell rang for recess Danilo grabbed the little red cap which Dalmatian boys strap so proudly over one ear, and rushed on to the playground. Men were fishing from the wall and an excursion steamer was docking with a rush of backwater and muffled bells.

Down by the castle there is a short reach of sand where fishing boats land.

Danilo ran down there and waded out to cool his feet, and as his toes gripped the small shells which cover the shores of the Adriatic, a bright idea came to him. His class might send a collection of shells to some inland children! Each member might search for the finest specimens and from them could be selected the greatest variety of form and color. Best of all, the delicately spiked and twisted conch shells would carry their own message and tell it in the voice of the sea—!

* Trogir is Trau in pre-war atlases.

Johnny is a Junior

Johnny is a Junior,
So Johnny knows that if
He sniffs or coughs or sneezes
He should use a handkerchief.
But Johnny knows that hankies
Are apt to go astray.
So he has got his on a lead
And it can't run away.

—Reprinted from the British *Junior Red Cross Journal*. The drawing is from a booklet made and illustrated by the Juniors of Dr. Jedlick's Institute in Prague, Czechoslovakia, for the Juniors of St. Nicholas' Orthopaedic Home in Pyrford, England. The rhyme is an English version of what the Czech Juniors wrote under the picture.



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*Kind hearts are gardens,
 Kind thoughts are roots,
 Kind words are flowers,
 Kind acts are fruits.*

—South African Junior Red Cross Journal

AGAIN A CHANCE TO HELP THE BIG RED CROSS

ON Armistice Day the American Red Cross will begin its Eleventh Annual Roll Call. That means that once more the five million Juniors of the country will have a chance to help with enrolling more marchers under the standard of "Everybody's Flag." There are plenty of ways: distributing posters and leaflets, volunteering for work in your Red Cross chapter office, which is likely to be very busy just at this time, taking part in pageants and parades, learning all you can about the Red Cross and telling others what you know about its work.

And one of the best ways of all is to invite your parents and "your sisters and your cousins and your aunts" to enroll. You are not being asked to solicit or collect money for the Red Cross but only to get members of your family interested in joining.

All the Juniors of Lagrange, Georgia, for example, are already lined up to help with the Roll Call. An honor roll is to be posted in each school with the names of the pupils whose parents have joined listed on it.

Perhaps many of you will hear people say: "Enroll in the Red Cross and give it a dollar? Why, I gave more than that to the flood fund. That's all I mean to do." Well, here's an answer to that:

"But every dollar of the \$16,000,000 the American people gave for the flood sufferers was used or is being used for them. That was what all that money was for. It wasn't for the Red Cross. Suppose, though,

there hadn't been any Red Cross to send out the appeal for contributions and to look after the victims of the flood? And there wouldn't have been if the people of the country hadn't enrolled as members and contributed that dollar to its support! Just think what it would mean if the Red Cross dropped out of existence! You want it there to stand by in case of such dreadful happenings as the Florida hurricane, the Mississippi flood and other disasters, don't you? You want to be able to call on other services from it, don't you? Well, it can't keep going without members."

Think what it would mean if every single one of the five million American Juniors made himself or herself responsible for inviting his parents and other members of his family to join! And helping the Juniors in their efforts this year will be the Girl Scouts, with a membership of about 150,000, and the Boy Scouts, with 865,000. Six million boys and girls pulling together for the big Red Cross! That's bound to mean a whole lot.



Courtesy National Ass'n of Book Publishers

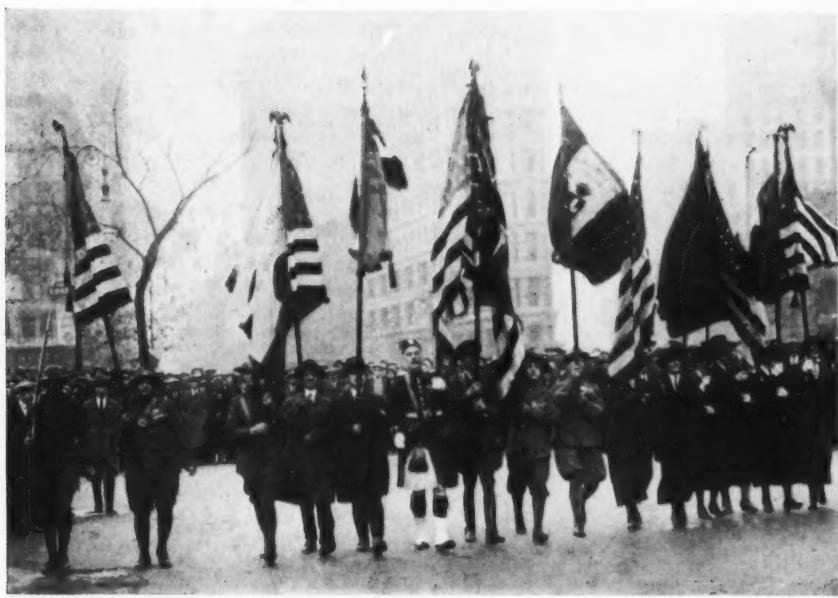
MY TREASURES

Stella Peter

I have treasures on a shelf at home
 That often carry me off to Rome,
 To Germany, Greece, Spain and France,
 Where I can see the children dance.

But really in my chair I stay;
 For books are the treasures that open the way
 To far-off lands where I may roam,
 Although I never stray from home.

Stella Peter was in 6B Brade when she wrote the above poem. It appeared first in *The Children's News*, published by the Delancey School, New York City.



International Newsreel Photo

The flags of many nations were in the parade. The Flag of the United States was host of the day

Everybody's Flag

Louise Franklin Bache

IT was a great holiday. The flags of many nations hung brave and bright on the public buildings. Thousands of people stood eagerly, expectantly, breathlessly, on the broad streets below. Rub-a-dub-dub! One band after another passed by, their patriotic music fitting into the mood of the day and the people as exactly as a good carpenter dovetails his timber.

"Look, Dad," said a freckled-faced boy. "There's a flag with a red cross! What country does it belong to?"

"What country?" echoed all the other flags laughing rhythmically. "What country indeed?"

"It's as clear as the nose on that little boy's face," said the Flag of Switzerland, bridling with pride, "that the Red Cross flag belongs to me." At this all the other flags began to flap and rumble. There was no mistaking the signs of a storm. The Flag of the United States, the host of the day, quickly took upon himself the part of mediator. "Suppose you state your case," it said.

The Swiss Flag Speaks

"I seize the opportunity eagerly," said the Swiss Flag politely. "Sixty years ago there lived in my country a man by the name of Henri Dunant. While traveling in Italy he witnessed the Battle of Solferino—and saw for the first time the terrible aftermath of war. In those days, you know, there was no special provision for the wounded, and the

loss of life and the intensity of the suffering were tremendous. My countryman could not endure the thought that men, all of whom his big heart embraced as brothers, should suffer for the lack of care. He hurriedly organized a group of women and men who worked early and late to bring comfort and relief to the wounded.

"But Monsieur Dunant was not the man to let the matter rest there. On his return to Switzerland, he started an active campaign for an organized society which should be ready in times of war and peace to help any who were in distress, whether friends or foes. The outcome was that in the year 1864, a meeting was called in the city of Geneva, at which the great Red Cross organization we know today was founded. You can see now why I claim the Red Cross flag. And if this evidence is not strong enough I can produce a fact that will surely clinch the matter. Because the idea of the Red Cross Society comes from my country, it was decided that its symbol should be patterned as nearly as possible after the Flag of Switzerland. So it was made like me in all things except the colors: they were reversed. Look, and see for yourselves if I do not speak the truth."

The Flag of Switzerland stretched itself, broad and wide on the breeze, and all the other flags saw as plainly as could be the marked kinship between it and the Flag of the Red Cross. The Flag of Switzerland had a white cross on a red background, whereas

the Flag of the Red Cross had a red cross on a white background.

"Has anyone anything more to say on the subject or do we stand agreed that the Red Cross Flag belongs to Switzerland?" quoth the Stars and Stripes, in true parliamentary fashion.

The Union Jack's Claims

"I jolly well know I have something to say," blustered the Union Jack stubbornly. "Permit me to remind the Flag of Switzerland that the red cross was used as a symbol of love and service in my good land as far back as the fourth century. None of the national flags flying today was in existence when the brave and gallant knights of King Arthur's court 'rode abroad redressing human wrongs' with the glorious symbol of their order, the cross of red, adorning their breastplates and their silver shields. But love and service did not die in Britain with the passing of the Knights of the Round Table. Each century stands as a tablet to their ever-living greatness. The nineteenth century is inscribed with the name of Florence Nightingale, whose noble, self-sacrificing services to the wounded in the Crimea laid the foundation of the nursing service of today. The other centuries also have their great British names. There really isn't any question, you see, but what the Red Cross rightfully belongs to Great Britain."

"That's all very well," said the Flag of France, throwing out its folds like long arms and waving them excitedly. "But I happen to have evidence which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Red Cross is my property. I recall events which you have seemingly forgotten. Permit me to present to you a few historical facts. It was in the eleventh century that a band of knights, enthused by the teachings of Peter the Hermit, set forth on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, taking vows to 'succor the helpless, care for the needy, and relieve distress wherever found.' As they rode forth on their quest, the red cross was the 'symbol which glittered on their arms, on their standards, on their shoulders, and on their breasts.' Again in the twelfth century I would remind you of the Knights Hospitalers, who organized themselves into brotherhoods to care for the sick in the hospitals. It surely must be clear to even the most stupid that my fair land has the best claim to the Red Cross."

"May I Remind You?"

"You are mistaken," called out the Flag of Italy, "and I would not be a true Italian patriot if I did not tell you so. Have you forgotten St. Francis of Assisi, who loved all men, the great as well as the lowly, and ministered to their needs impartially? Have you forgotten the monasteries which throughout the Middle Ages served to keep education alive for the world today? A braver, greater service has never been performed. Where would be your ideas of love and mercy and where, I ask you, would be the cross today but for their guardianship?"

The Stars and Stripes listened intently while the dispute was raging. If the duties of host had not rested heavily upon it, compelling silence, it would have said a number of things for America. Politeness, however, does not prevent one from thinking, and the Flag of the United States of America trembled with heartfelt emotion and justified pride throughout its glorious colors. It knew by heart the part its country had played in the history of the Red Cross. Word for word it could have repeated the story of the Sanitary Commission organized during the Civil War to look after the comfort of the fighting men. It was representatives of the Sanitary Commission who had convinced the other delegates at the conference called by Henri Dunant of the practicability of establishing the Red Cross Society. Oh, yes, the Flag of the United States was just as sure as any of the other flags that its claim was the best. The last war had but added to this conviction. Had not the hungry, the naked, and the suffering of the entire world turned to America for help? Had any been turned away? "What doubt could there be," thought the Stars and Stripes, "as to the legality of my title?"

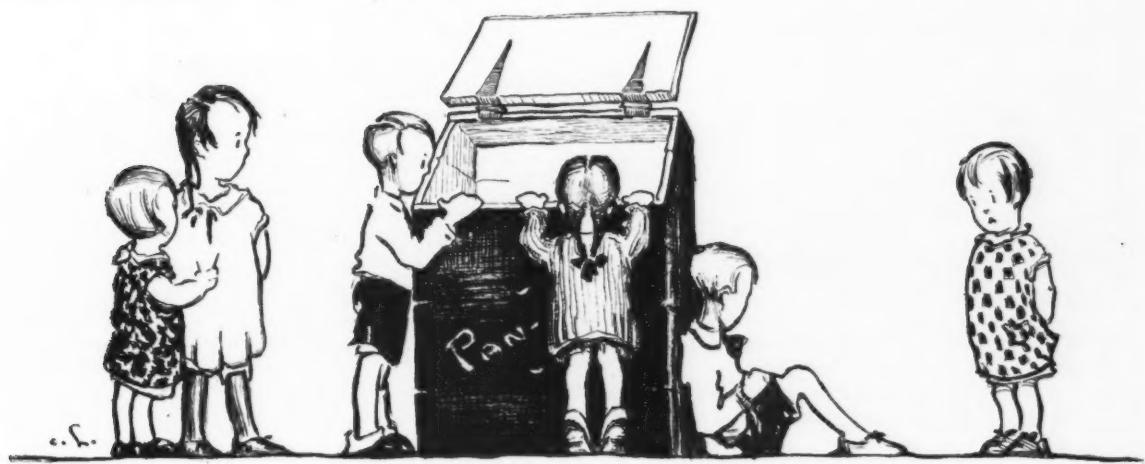
"An Old, Old Story"

The Flag of the Red Cross broke the silence. The tones of its voice were deep, melodious and stirring. "I am going to tell you a story, an old, old story," it said.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw the poor man lying there had compassion on him. And went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and sat him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him." The Flags hung motionless in their eagerness to hear every word. "Now, that story," said the Flag of the Red Cross, "is many centuries older than any that has been told today. I could cite to you, if I would, tales hundreds of years older than that. My friends, love and mercy and service have dwelt in the world since the beginning of all things and where they are, there I am also!"

The parade was over, the crowds were dispersing. The freckled-faced boy pulled off his cap, thrust both hands deep in his pockets and stared intently and reverently at the flags which carried themselves so proudly on this great holiday. "I am so glad, Dad, you told me the story of the Red Cross. Why, it's everybody's flag, isn't it?"

"Everybody's flag," said all the national emblems in one breath. Why, of course, that was the answer to their dispute, and it had taken a freckled-faced boy to solve it. "Everybody's flag," they cried all over again. Then bursting with the joy of the discovery, they lined up their glorious colors lovingly, protectingly and loyally on each side of the Red Cross Flag.



The meal was all gone from the pan-cake bin

Over the Hill to Pan-Cake Town

C. C. Certain

Illustrations by Catherine Lewis

B EYOND a rocky mountain,
Up a hill and down,
Lived the Patty-Cake children
In Pan-Cake Town.
And the Patty-Cake children
Were hungry and thin;
The meal was all gone
From the pan-cake bin.

*Breakfast time and supper time—my goodness sakes!
What could they eat without pan-cakes?*

The children longed to patty-cake,
But had no dough and batter,
There was no meal in bin or bowl!
Oh what a serious matter!
Alack-a-day, they left their play,
And tears were in their eyes,
And it was sad for any one
To hear their little sighs.

*Breakfast time and supper time,
My goodness sakes!
What could they eat,
Without pan-cakes?*

They went into their pantries,
But all the meal was out.
Said every mother, looking in—
“It is, without a doubt!”
One afternoon at tea they met,
To see what they should do.
Some thought of this, and some of
that
But no one really knew.

One said there was a miller once,
Who lived by milling corn,
And every mother blessed the day
That he was ever born!
“We'll write at once, this miller old,
To buy his meal,” they said.
Their letter sent by fastest post
Was by the miller read.

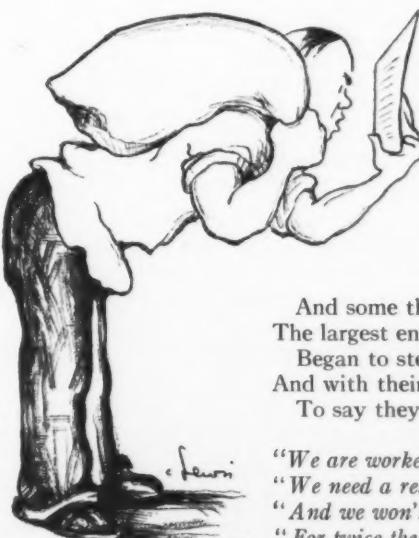
Ten thousand sacks the miller packed
With meal as white as snow
“With all this meal,” the miller said,
“To Pan-Cake Town I'll go.

“No better meal was ever
sent
“By miller from his mill.
“But now I need an engine
strong,
“To carry it over the hill.”

And soon he found a freight
yard
With engines large and
small,—
Some that flashed like
lightning by,

And some that seemed to crawl.
The largest engines in the yard
Began to steam and blow,
And with their whistles loudly shrieked
To say they would *not* go.

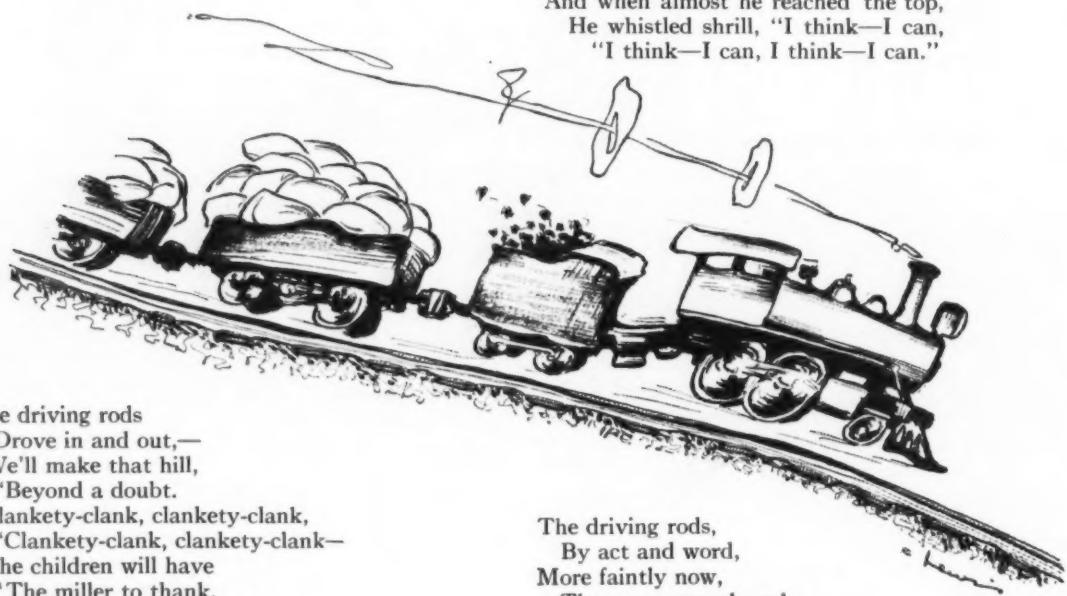
“We are worked to death,” the engines said.
“We need a rest; we're almost dead.
“And we won't haul your meal today
“For twice the money you can pay.”



So on their tracks they switched about
And passed the miller by.
The meal, they said, was heavy—
They didn't care to try.
But one small engine puffing said

That he would do his best.
To take the meal to Pan-Cake Town,
While others took their rest.

The engine pulled straight up the hill,
Tugged at the cars and whistled shrill.



The driving rods
Drove in and out,—
“We'll make that hill,
“Beyond a doubt.
“Clankety-clank, clankety-clank,
“Clankety-clank, clankety-clank—
“The children will have
“The miller to thank,
“The miller to thank,
“The miller to thank.”

“I think I can,” the engine said,
“I think I can, I think I can!”
And up the hill and far ahead,
He slowly puffed “I think I can,
“I think I can,
“I think I can.”

The driving rods,
Now beat a tune,
And seemed to say,
“We'll be there soon”—
Clankety-clank, clankety-clank,
“Clankety-clank, clankety-clank—
“The children will have
“The miller to thank,
“The miller to thank,
“The miller to thank.”

And all that day and all night long,
The engine wheezed, “I think I can,
“I think I can, I think I can.”
Deep he hummed it like a song,
Beneath his breath, “I think I can,
“I think I can, I think I can.”

He pulled the cars high up the hill,
And slowly chugged, “I think—I can
“I think—I can, I think—I can.”
The engine pulled with all his will,
And gasping said, “I think—I can,
“I think—I can, I think—I can.”

And when it seemed he'd
surely stop,
He snorted loud,
“I—think—I—can, “I—think—I—can;
“I—think—I—can.”
And when almost he reached the top,
He whistled shrill, “I think—I can,
“I think—I can, I think—I can.”

The driving rods,
By act and word,
More faintly now,
Than ever were heard
“Clankety-clank, clankety-clank,
“Clankety-clank, clankety-clank—
“The children will have
“The miller to thank,
“The miller to thank,
“The miller to thank.”

The engine paused—his breath was spent—
And groaned aloud, “I—think—I—can,
“I—think—I—can, I—think—I—can.”
He reached the top and down he went—
“I thought I could, I thought I could,
“I thought I could, I thought I could
“Thought I could, thought I could,
“Thought I could, thought I could—
“Thought I could,
“Thought I could,
“Thought I could—
“Thought I could—
“Thought
“I
“Could—
“I thought
“I
“Could! ”

All rights reserved by C. C. Certain. Acknowledgment is made to Dr. J. E. Stocking, author of the story, *The Royal Engine*, for the suggestion in the words “I think I can, think I can.”

"John Smith, His Book"

If you are collecting books of your own you will enjoy them all the more if in each one there is pasted a mark to say that it is your special property. The use of such marks, or bookplates, dates back almost to the beginning of printed books. Before the printing of books from movable types, the copyists used to mark their manuscripts with painted devices to show who owned them. So it was natural that when men began to collect the rare and precious printed books they should be careful to show in some way to whom they belonged. Many of the early bookplates had on them the Latin words, *Ex libris*, meaning "From the books of," followed by the name of the owner. Nowadays the Latin words are still used, though some people prefer using English expressions, such as "From the books of John Smith," or "John Smith, His Book," or "This is my book. John Smith."

The early plates often had something to say about book borrowers. One, for example, said: "Go to those who sell books." The bookplate of a student of the Middle Ages carried this Latin rhyme: "Hic liber est meus, defendat deus!", meaning "This book is mine, may God protect it!"

All kinds of designs are used for bookplates. The owl is a popular, though not very original, one. A pile of books, a student seated at a library table, a treasure ship, a coat of arms are other favorites. The more original the bookplate, the more it is the special mark of its owner. The designs on this page were done in the

classes of Professor Václav Zivec, who teaches drawing in the Teachers' Training College, at Horovice, Czechoslovakia.

They were used to illustrate an article which he wrote for the Canadian Junior magazine. He explains how the wolf one belongs very much to the boy who made it: "One of our students called

Vlcek (which means a little wolf) used for his mark this little animal stopping before a strange invention—an opened book. But his comrades corrected his design very cleverly. The lad was a very tall, quickly growing boy, who often was warned by the teacher for his bad habits of sitting crooked, so the other students forced him to crook even his symbol and to put on him black spectacles, such as the boy Vlcek used to wear himself."

The bookplates on this page were printed from linoleum blocks. If you have an art teacher in your school you probably know already how to cut designs and print them from linoleum. The October number of the *American Girl* has an article with exact directions for doing this, and the National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33rd Street, New York City, has issued some very attractive designs, with directions for making them, which they send out free.



EX LIBRIS
V. KOZMANA
The owl is a favorite design



Vlcek's name means "Little Wolf"

The Library for Everybody's House at Liévin

In a pretty sun-flooded room in a city of northern France many French boys and girls sit reading quietly and happily. Others are passing in and out carrying books. Now and then you may see reflected in the eyes of an older boy or girl some sign of a time of dreadful distress and misery; for this is the city of Liévin, which is in the part of France so hideously devastated during the World War and some of the children remember

that time and some were born during its horrors. The books they are so enjoying today were given them by the members of the Junior Red Cross in New York City. This is the story:

During the war the houses of Liévin were reduced to little more than piles of dust and the coal mines, on which the city largely depends for its prosperity, were flooded and the mining machinery was wrecked. So when the refugees who had



The "Maison de Tous," or Everybody's House, at Liévin

fled before the armies came back in the spring of 1919 they returned not to their old, loved homes where some of the families had lived for many generations, but to barracks furnished by the British, the American Red Cross, the Dutch government and others. For a long time it was dangerous for the children to go playing about without restriction; for there were unexploded bombs half hidden in the ground here and there which needed only a blow to set them off.

There was work here for the Kindergarten Unit, formed during the war in New York City to help with reconstruction in France. Forty American women went over and they were assisted by twenty-one young French men and women in their work in thirty-seven cities and villages in the north of France. They looked after 35,000 children in all and in Liévin they established a playground, a school, a sewing room and a library. As soon as they felt they were no longer needed the members of the unit withdrew and when they left Liévin they asked that they might turn over to the city a Community House, a fine modern building which has a library for grown people and one for children, a sewing room, a

mothers' room and a children's garden. It is called the Maison de Tous, or Everybody's House, and it was dedicated with a fitting ceremony last May.

The way the New York Juniors had a share in Everybody's House in Liévin is told in *About 47*, the paper of the Public School for the Deaf in New York. After explaining how the American people contributed money for the building, the writer goes on:

"Then there had to be money for the books to put on the shelves. The Junior Red Cross children in our city said they would give money to buy the books. All the Junior Red Cross children contributed. The kindergarten children in our school gave five dollars. We did not buy the books, because they had to be French books and Miss Curtis (Miss Fannibelle Curtis, formerly Director of New York City Kindergartens, who originated the library project) could buy them better in France.

"Then they needed chairs so that the children could sit down and read comfortably in their new Library. So, again, the Junior Red Cross children helped. Our school paid ten dollars for a chair for this library. Other schools bought chairs also. They are fine, strong chairs and on the back of each one there is a brass plate telling who gave it. On our chair it says:

"From the Children in the Public School for the Deaf of New York City."

Other Junior Doings

ON Armistice Day in one Virginia school room there is a Junior Service Fund box on the teacher's desk into which the pupils drop what they have earned through sacrifice and service. That seems to us a rather fine thing to do in memory of those who "gave the last full measure of devotion" in the Great War.

OFTEN there is nothing like some sort of interesting work to help or cure certain kinds of nervous troubles. That is why in so many of the hospitals for ex-service men there are classes in occupational therapy, or work healing. The men in them make all sorts of attractive things in metal, wicker and leather and weave pretty scarfs, rugs and bags. You have perhaps noticed sales of the article made in such classes. Juniors in a school in Dayton, Ohio, cut and sewed yards and yards of rags to be woven into rugs by patients doing occupational therapy work in the big National Military Home there.



Children of orphanage in Jugo-Slavia photographed with the presents they have made to send to American children

ONE of the chief projects of the Juniors in Easton, Pennsylvania, last year was collecting money to buy a fine picture to be put up in the town high school as a memorial to the young men of the city who had died in service in the World War.

JUNIORS of Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, made posters to help the Red Cross Chapter publicity.

AT the beginning of the school year last fall one pupil in each elementary school building in Paducah, Kentucky, was appointed to keep a yearbook (supplied by the Junior Red Cross Committee). In it were recorded all Junior meetings and activities and Junior programs, clippings and pictures were pasted into it. These books made interesting reading and were surprisingly full of items when the school year ended. Paducah members raised \$67.67 in their annual review in May, most of which they turned in for flood relief.

LAST Thanksgiving, Juniors at the Shapleigh School, North Kittery, Maine, collected vegetables and groceries for an old lady of ninety-four, who keeps house for her blind son. They gathered enough to last the two nearly all winter. They also remembered to send the old lady a post-card shower on her ninety-fourth birthday.

ON this page is a picture of the Juniors of Grab-All, which is close to the town of Yazoo City, Mississippi, with the Fifth Grade Juniors of Yazoo City, taken on the day the Fifth Graders gave a birthday party to little Edna Hawk, member of the Grab-All School. She is in the middle of the picture and beside her is her four-year-old brother, who has been a regular attendant at the Grab-All school since his mother died when he was nine months old. Edna has to take him to school with her as he cannot be left at home alone. The children are entirely used to having the little boy in the schoolroom, where he plays quietly by himself and takes his rest every day on a quilt which his sister spreads down on the floor for him. There are seventeen pupils enrolled in the school, and only two of these have living mothers. Two have lost both father and mother. That is why the Juniors of Yazoo City give a Christmas tree for the Grab-All children each year. The Grab-All Juniors are workers, too. They wrote thank you letters for the Greek currants and were the first to respond to a call for scrap and joke books for hospitals. They have brought in black walnuts and wild ferns potted in good woods' earth to be sent to others.

ON November 3, the U. S. Transport *Thomas* will sail from San Francisco, bearing in its hold again this year boxes of Christmas gifts for the 3200 school children of the island of Guam which the Juniors of the Pacific states are sending them.

LAST year Thanksgiving dinner tasted specially nice to Juniors of Towaco and Boonton, New Jersey, because they had given a treat to homes for children.

HERE is part of a letter the Red Cross worker in the big Naval Hospital in Brooklyn wrote to the Juniors of Westchester County last Thanksgiving time:

"Picture if you can a big mess hall, the walls and chandeliers decorated with paper festoons of various colors, and the tables covered with beautiful crêpe paper tablecloths, with a turkey



The fifth-grade Juniors of Yazoo City gave a party to the Juniors of Grab-All on Edna Hawk's Birthday

gobbling at you from each corner,—and at each plate a beautiful menu card, adding color and decoration to the table.

"As the sick men who were able to be up and about filed into the dining room to take their places at the tables for the Thanksgiving dinner, Captain Blackwood, the Commanding Officer of the hospital, addressed them. He drew their attention to the menu cards and explained to them that they were made by the Junior Red Cross of the Westchester County Schools. The men were delighted with them and I am sure that many of you have already received notes of thanks from individuals by whom they were received. . . .

"We are looking forward to the menus for Christmas as we know they will also be attractive and much appreciated by the patients, many of whom have children of their own."

CILFTON, Arizona, is a small mining town in a canyon cut by the San Francisco River. On the canyon walls are the benches from which copper-bearing ore is mined. By vote of the school children themselves every room and every school in the town is enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. Once a week a period is given to Junior work. Favors for special days have been sent to the hospital for ex-service men at Fort Whipple, Arizona; children in St. Joseph's Home at Tucson have been remembered with gifts; girls in the Home Economics classes have made over clothing which was contributed for some girls and boys who needed it; toys have been made in the Manual Training classes and sent to children; writing boards have been made and sent to hospitals. Flowers do not grow easily in Clifton, but one school grew bulbs and other potted plants and took them to invalids and people in hospitals.

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"Mmm, that am my favorite fruit!" was the way one of the men expressed it when the watermelons appeared. For several years it has been the practice of the Junior Red Cross in Chicago to give a watermelon party to the ex-service men hospitalized at the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium. This year William Ellis, Walter Witkowski, Felix Pitrowski and Cyril Miche, representing the Chicago Juniors, went to the Sanitarium to serve the watermelons. A letter thanking the Juniors says, "Doesn't the picture register appreciation"?



The 4-A Grade of the Warner School at Nashville, Tenn., is proud of a 100% Junior membership which each pupil has earned by some personal service. Last year they sent Thanksgiving baskets to the families of three ex-service men. They did not find out where the things were going, for they did not want their help to be thought of as "charity."



This turkey (above) is a sample of the 700 gaily colored menu covers made by Juniors of the New Rochelle, N. Y., elementary schools to decorate the Thanksgiving tables of patients in the U. S. Naval Hospital in Brooklyn. Inside, the Juniors printed the menu and the program of the entertainment given in the mess hall



One feature of the exposition held in Burlington, N. C., last fall was an Armistice Day parade. The Burlington Juniors rode in the parade in a special float decorated with their banner and carrying the Red Cross flag. Below are the Junior Red Cross members of the Foreign Mission Kindergarten in Newport News, Virginia. Eight different nationalities are represented



The Junior Red Cross Vocational Summer School for colored children in Atlanta, Ga., was a busy place this summer. The 162 pupils made dresses, petticoats, baskets, scrap books, doll furniture, bulletins for ex-service men and many other things, all of which were exhibited at the end of the session

